

Progress is making rapid strides in Japan. The streets of Tokio and Osaka are now lined with gas lamps, and there are Spanish bull-fights in the suburbs.

Sixteen hundred young women in Cleveland are plied not to associate with men of tipping habits. Other cities have large numbers of women who have made the same vow.

"What's your name?" said an officer to a young colored lad who joined his ship at the Cape. "Algoa Bay, Sir." Where were you born? "Wasn't born at all." "Wasn't born

It is reported as possible that a modified compulsory educational measure will be enacted by the Pennsylvania Legislature at its pres-

A Georgia colored debating society was lately discussing, "Which is the best for the laboring man, to work for wages or on the crop?" An old white man spoke some of the time of the meeting when he thought, "bofe was the best, if dey could only be brugt togeder somehow."

A nephew of Mr. Bigges, in explaining the mysteries of a tea-kettle, describes the benefits of the application of steam to useful purposes. "For all which," remarked Mr. Bigges, "we have principally to thank—believe me his name." "What was his name, I believe, uncle," replied the boy.

A Connecticut farmer leaning over a neighbor's gate was consulting the widow, for the sad

neighbour died the day before. "Too bad, too bad," said he; "as he had just got in his corn and taters, and was going to be right comfortable with his corn and taters all year in, and that's some comfort."

"Jake," said the blushing damsel to a lover that her father had forbidden the house, "I don't care if your feet are big; I love you just as much." "Wall, Sally, I don't mind so much about the size of my own feet, but I wish you didn't; you're a little smaller; I should feel more comfort, you know, about staying all the evening."

Have the courage to give occasionally that which you can ill afford to spare. Giving what you do not wa, nor value neither brings nor deserves thanks in return; who is gratified for the sake of the gift? The more you give the less will, however delicious the draught? Have the

In the court room: A lawyer to his client, "I'm sorry, poor fellow, but notwithstanding my eloquence, you have been sentenced to prison for life." "Oh, don't let that worry you," was the answer: "I am not sorry."

In the neighborhood where I live they will think I have gone to the country, and that will give me social status."

When a Bishop at a public meeting in England asked Prof. Huxley, scornfully, "Does the learned scientist really wish us to believe that we have descended from apes?" the sharp rebuke was administered by Huxley. "I had rather be related to an ape than to a Bishop of the Church of England who can so misrepresent the votaries of science."

The memory of Queen Victoria, it is said by a correspondent of *The New Century*, is cherished in the hearts of the people of the Empire. "Ah," said an old peasant woman who lived near the chateau of Roussan "thar was a deat to my. She used to come down on foot to see my crippled grandson, and she was present from her for us all at Christmas time."

"Where do you get her cutains?" asked Mrs. Monybags, visiting Mrs. Struggles in her gorgeously furnished parlors. "Oh those," said Mrs. Struggles, "those we purchased at the Egyptian Department, Centennial." "Indeed," said the other, "why they look for all the world like Egyptian cutains." "Yes," said Mrs. Struggles "that is proverbial that Mrs. Monybags is the rudest woman in town."

When Dom Pedro was at the Windsor he

lost one hour night in the corridor, and entered the wrong room in which was a splinter reading. "Sire," said she, recognizing the Emperor, "I am not the Empress, but I am the Empress," said he, "but it was not a premeditated error on my part." The next day, according to the *Chicago Saturday Evening Herald*, he sent the superannuated virgin a beautiful basket of trolleys.

There is a lady in San Francisco—Mrs. Frank G. Edwards—who enjoys the proud distinction of being the first woman in this country to shoot at and hit a target at a distance of 1,000 yards. She adopts the Creedmore practice, which most ladies would consider slightly eccentric. The California Rifle Association has voted her a gold medal. She shut her eyes and screamed very loud.

At a French picnic an ambitious daughter!

A number of tablets, written upon and carefully arranged in an ivory box, have been discovered at the same place. They contain receipts for payments of money, and bear the consular date, with the name of the day and the month, and the amount paid. The tablets are evidently accounts, and from the way in which they are kept there can be doubt of the truth, when they are found was the site of a Roman banker's house.

Anachronisms among poets, such as Shakespeare's cannon in "Hamlet" 75 years before gunpowder was known, are very plentiful. But the greatest sinners in this way are painters. Raphael d'Urbino puts a hewn stone base to the feet of his "St. George" and a twisted modern binding into "Elymas, the Sorcerer, Struck Blind." Albrecht Dürer has, in his "Birth of the Virgin," a toilet budstead, a large cooking range, and several Chinese candlesticks holding modern tallow dips.

One of the magazine writers asks, "Did you ever hide some sacred thought beneath your pillow and weave a web of tender hope about it?" The answer is yes, says Newswich *Bulletin*, and we doubt if any one else ever did. In the first place most people never hide anything beneath their pillow unless it is a handkerchief when they have a cold, and then, if it is under the pillow, how are you going to get it out? The magazine seems to be asking the pillow up. The magazine seems to be asking very foolish questions.

In an address which he delivered some time back at Liverpool College, Lord Derby told the students that there were three great maxims of

study says, that mental labor never tires anybody unless taken in great excess; secondly, that those who cannot spare time for physical exercise will soon have to spare it for illness; third, that morning work is generally better than night work. There has never been a time in the history of the world when the value of these truths was more important than it is now.

The remains of Bellini the composer of "Sommamonte" and "Norma," were returned on 15 March instanter from the city of Paris, to Catania, his native city. Several speeches were delivered at the ceremonial; the identity of the body was easily proved by his friends, for, after forty-one years in the grave, the features were still recognizable. An inscription on the new coffin expresses the gratitude of Catania to France for restoring the remains to Italy. A gold medal struck at Catania will commemorate the event, and will be presented to the city.

Most people have heard of Abernethy's gruffness; there is an anecdote which shows how truly kind and liberal he should be at times: "In the year 1818 Lieut. D— fell from his

Joseph M. Johnson and Elizabeth Johnson, the army. Abernethy was the nearest surgeon, and being sent for continued his attendance daily for months. When the patient became convalescent he was enjoined by Abernethy to proceed to Margate and adopt shell-fish diet. The patient requested to know the extent of this pecuniary liability. "Who is that young woman?" inquired Abernethy surlily. "She is my wife." "What is your rank in the army?" "I'm a half-pay lieutenant." "Oh, very well; wait till you are a general, then come and see me, and we'll talk about it."











